

# LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 2, NO. 13

West Liberty, Morgan County, Kentucky, Thursday, September 7, 1911.

WHOLE NUMBER 65.

## 10 SHOTS

at your finger tips in the SAVAGE 32 Caliber, Automatic Pistol.

### Special features which will appeal to you:

- Ten Shots: Double the number contained in an ordinary revolver and two more than any other automatic pistol.
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- Simplicity: Fewer parts than any other automatic pistol; completely dismounts by hand, without tools; no screws to work loose.
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## Morehead & North Fork Railroad.

MOREHEAD DIVISION.

South Bound.				Time Table No. 7.				North Bound.			
No. 1	No. 5	No. 9	M.F.	STATIONS	No. 4	No. 8	No. 12	No. 3	No. 7	No. 11	M.F.
Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Only		Ar daily	Ar daily	Ar Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Only
7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	Morehead	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	12:30 p.m.
7:45 a.m.	7:45 a.m.	7:45 a.m.	7:45 a.m.	Cherryfield	1:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	Summit	1:15 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:15 p.m.
8:15 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	8:15 a.m.	Elk Fork	1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.
8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	Paragon	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	Upper Elk Fork	2:00 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	2:00 p.m.	2:00 p.m.
9:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.	Crane	2:15 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
9:15 a.m.	9:15 a.m.	9:15 a.m.	9:15 a.m.	Prety Branch	2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.	Lower Elk Fork	2:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	2:45 p.m.
9:45 a.m.	9:45 a.m.	9:45 a.m.	9:45 a.m.	Quaker	3:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	3:00 p.m.
10:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	Pat's Mill	3:15 p.m.	3:15 p.m.	3:15 p.m.	3:15 p.m.	3:15 p.m.	3:15 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
10:15 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	Wilder	3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
10:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	Rawhide	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
Ar daily	Ar daily	Ar Sun	Ex Sun		Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Only
Ar daily	Ar daily	Ar Sun	Ex Sun		Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Ex Sun	Only

W. B. Townsend, Jr., Supt. W. W. Riley, G. P. A.

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## Rawhide's Tribute.

By Francis Hazard.

Rawhide is a Nevada mining camp—one of the mushroom variety. It sprang from the arid soil of the desert over night. Its inhabitants both male and female are of the purely useful variety, useful in the sense that is opposed to ornamental. They are as rough, hard vigorous a lot of cosmopolites as may be found between Singapore and Sioux City and they have come to Rawhide for one thing only. That thing is gold.

It is a very material desire. Pride of ancestry or previous condition of servitude has nothing to do with it. Sentiment is rather a drawback than an aid to good judgment in quartz or a "draw." And apparently the Rawhide husky, any way you regard him, is as unsentimental a specimen of whiskey drinking humanity as can be found west of the Rockies. It requires something unusual to discover the heart which beats beneath his flannel shirt. But when it comes to a "show down" there is the real, unadulterated milk of human kindness to be found in the resident of Rawhide and this may be said of all his kind wherever they "hit the shifting trail."

Riley Grannan, the noted turfman and "plunger," died in Rawhide recently. Grannan, formerly a man of great wealth, had "went broke." That was probably the least of his misfortunes. He had come to Rawhide for a "grub-stake." Every man, woman, and child in Rawhide knew him and knew his story. They sympathized secretly with his hard luck. His sudden death touched them. They decided to bury him with such honor as would meet the occasion. Grannan's funeral was a great demonstration. Nothing like it had ever been seen in a Nevada mining camp. From Salt Lake, San Francisco and as far North Portland, Ore., came the dead man's friends. A car load of flowers from California came along with them. The ceremonies at the Miner's Hall in Rawhide were attended by thousands. And here is the eulogy of Riley Grannan as delivered on that occasion by "Parson" Knickerbocker, a "Hell-fel-Sartin" type of miner whom everybody who ever topped the alkali wastes of southern Nevada in a Wells Fargo coach knows by sight at least. It's an unusual eulogy. There's something about it that thrills. Rawhide is justly proud of it:

"Riley Grannan was born at Paris, Ky., about forty years ago. He cherished all the dreams of childhood. Those dreams found their fruition in phenomenal success financially. I am told that from a position of a bell boy in a hotel he rose to be a celebrity of world wide fame. Riley Grannan was one of the greatest plungers the continent has produced. He died at Rawhide.

"That is a brief statement. We have his birth and the day of his demise, who can fill the interim? Not I. Who can tell his hopes and fears? Who knows the misery of his quiet hour? Not I.

"Riley Grannan was born in the sunny southland of Kentucky. He died in Rawhide. That is the beginning. That is the end. Is there a picture what Ingersoll said at the grave of his brother? Whether it be near the shore or in mid-ocean, or among the breakers at least, a wreck must mark the end of one and all.

"Born where the books and rivers run musically through prolific soil, where magnolia goldflora—like white stars—glow in a firmament of green, where the larks and greensward and the spot summer breezes dimple the wavelets, where the air is resonant with the melody of a thousand sweet voiced birds and redolent of the

perfume of blooming flowers—that was the beginning. Riley Grannan died in Rawhide where in winter the tops of the mountains are clothed in garments of ice, and in summer the blistering rays of the sun beat down upon the skeleton of the desert.

"Is there in this a picture of universal life? Sometimes when I look upon the circumstances of life there comes to my lips a curse. I relate to you only my views. If these run counter to yours, believe what I say is sincere. When I see the ambitions of a man defeated, I see his aim and purpose frustrated only by a combination of circumstances over which he can exert no control. I see his outstretched hands about to grasp the flag of victory, and seize instead the emblem of defeat. I ask, what is life? Dreams, awakening death. Life is a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear. Life is but a momentary halt within the waste and then the nothing we set out from. Life is a shadow, a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more. Life is a child-blown bubble that reflects the shadow of its environment and is gone—a mockery, a sham, a lie, a fool's vision, its happiness but Dead Sea apples, its pain the crunching of a tyrant's heel.

"If I have gauged Grannan's character correctly, he accepted the circumstances surrounding him as the mystic officials to whom the universe had delegated its whole office concerning him. He took defeat and victory with equal equanimity. He was a man of placid exterior. His meteoric past shows him invincible in a spirit and is not irreverently that I proclaim him a dead game sport. When I use the phrase I do so full of practical human philosophy as it will hold. Riley Grannan fully exemplified the philosophy of those fugitive verses:

"It is easy enough to be happy when life goes along like a song,  
But the man worth while  
Is the man who will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,  
And it always comes with the years,  
And the smile that is worth the homage of earth  
Is the smile that shines through tears."

"There are those who will condemn him. They believe that to day he is reaping the benefit of a mispent life. There are those who are dominated by medieval creeds. These I am not addressing. They are ruled by the skeleton hand of the past. They fail to see the moral side of a character lived outside of their Puritanical ideas. Riley Grannan's goodness was not of a type that reached its highest manifestation in ceremonious piety. It found its expression in the hand clasp of friendship. It found its voice in the word of cheer to a discouraged brother. His were deeds of quiet charity. His were acts of manhood.

"Riley Grannan lived in the world of sport. My words are not minced, because I am telling what I believe to be true. It was the world of sport, sometimes hilarity, sometimes worse. He left the impress of his character upon us all, and through the medium of his financial power he was able with his money to brighten the lives of all who knew him. He wasted his money, so the world says; but did it ever occur to you that men and women of such class upon whom he wasted it are yet men and women? A little happiness brought into their minds means as much to them as happiness carried into the lives of the straight and the good. If you can take one ray of sunshine into the night-life and thereby carry a single hour of happiness you are a benefactor. Riley Grannan did this.

"God combined not his sunbeams to the nourishing of potatoes and corn. His scattering of sunshine was prodigal. Contemplate. He flings the auroral beauties around the cold shoulders of the north. He hangs the quivering picture of the mirage above the palpitating heart of the desert. He scattered the sunbeams like scattered gold upon the bosom of a myriad of lakes that gem the robe of nature. He spangles the canopy of night with star jewels and silvers the world with the reflected beams from on high. He hangs gorgeous curtain of the Occident across the sleeping room of the sun.

"God wakes the coy maid of the morning to step timidly from her boudoir of darkness to climb the steep of the orient, to fling wide the gates of morning and to trip over the landscape, kissing the flowers in her flight. She arouses the world to herald with their music the coming of her king, who floods the world with effulgent gold. These are wasted sunbeams, are they? I say to you that the men or women who by the use of money or power are able to smoothe one wrinkle from the brow of human care, or to change one man or sob into song, or to wipe away a tear, and to place in its stead a jewel of joy, is a public benefactor. Such was Riley Grannan.

"The time has come to say good bye. For the friends and loved ones not here to say the word let me say goodbye, old man. We will try to exemplify the spirit of your life as we bear the grief at our parting. Words fail me here. Let those flowers, Riley, with their petaled lips and perfumed breath, speak in beauty and fragrance those sentiments too tender for words.

**A Broad Traveled.**  
One of the broad slopes of Mont Gineux, France, is reported to have become detached from its foundations, and to have moved over a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, carrying with it the soil, meadows and woods, and covering up in its passage roads and bridges that stood in the way. A chestnut grove has traveled five hundred feet without suffering any apparent damage, but many small lakes have been formed by the damming of the waters.—Scientific American.

**All in One Second.**  
The way of witless modern romances.—Albert rode with the speed of an arrow to the garden, sprang like the wind from his steed, climbed like a squirrel over the hedge, writhed like a snake through the palings, flew like a hawk to the arbor, crept up to her all unseen, threw himself passionately at her feet, swore frantically that he would shoot himself; was, however, immediately heard, seated himself in blessed delight at her side, sank on her bosom, swam in a sea of bliss—all this was the work of a second!

**A Great Grace.**  
It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all and everyone willingly enjoys peace and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.—Thomas a Kempis.

**No Vagabond Currents There.**  
A system for the protection of gas and water mains against vagabond currents is in use at Karlsruhe. This is formed by placing at suitable spots electrodes in the ground and connecting them to the positive pole of a low tension source of electricity (an accumulator or dynamo), while the pipes to be protected are connected to the negative pole.

**Whistles for the Deaf.**  
Every deaf person should carry a whistle. If the family make it an invariable rule for some one to appear in answer to the whistle the one afflicted with deafness will be pleased with the result. It will prevent useless calling and save many steps. It has been tried and found most satisfactory.

**Origin of Pillow Lace.**  
A European legend of the origin of pillow lace gives the credit for its discovery to Barbara Uttman of Nuremberg, Germany, in 1561. This is antedated, however, by two volumes of a book on lace printed in 1567 in Venice, copies of which are in the Malta National Library, Valletta, and which explain several well-developed pillow lace patterns.

**Oak Tree's Length of Life.**  
The heart of an oak tree begins to rot after 300 years.

## Farms For Sale.

One farm of about 150 acres on Licking river, 2 1-2 miles n. e. of West Liberty—60 a. good bottom land, 40 or 50 a. flat up land which can be plowed both ways. Well watered. Sufficient timber to keep farm in repair. Farm in reach of West Liberty High School. Will sell cheap on easy terms of payment. Will take part pay in good young stock at cash price.

One farm of 242 acres on Big Caney Creek, 2 miles s. e. of West Liberty and 150 yards of railroad station. 30 a. of fine bottom land, 70 a. of up land in grass; 140 a. to clear, 100 a. of which is fine cove land well adapted to tobacco; plenty of timber to keep farm in repair. New 5 room dwelling, good roomy new store house, two good tenant houses and a fine young orchard, barn and all necessary out buildings; drilled well and a fine mineral spring—pastures well watered. A splendid location for a merchant-farmer. Within easy reach of West Liberty High School. Will sell at a bargain on easy terms of payment.

Also six lots in the college addition of West Liberty—lots no's 64-65-128-129-130-131. Lots 128-129-130 and 131 lie in a block S. of Glenn avenue. Lots 64 and 65 adjoin and are one lot from corner of Park St., and Glenn avenue. An extremely desirable place for a home. Natural gas will be piped along the street between these lots within the next 40 days.

One farm of 129 acres on Licking river, one mile below the mouth of White Oak creek, new cottage house, barn and all necessary out buildings, everlasting spring in yard, good young orchard, 14 acres bottom land, 15 acres in grass. Will sell cheap for 1/3 cash down and 2/3 on time. A desirable home in a good neighborhood.

50 acres of timber land on the Stable branch, one mile from Licking river, 3 miles from West Liberty. Enough timber on land to pay for it. A bargain on easy terms of payment.

Real estate will increase 30 per cent. in West Liberty as soon as the town is lighted and heated by natural gas. Buy now and save money. Will sell cheap and on reasonable terms.

Call on or address,  
H. G. COTTLE & COMPANY,  
West Liberty, Ky.  
Give us your JOB WORK.

## WANTED.

The name, date of birth and birth place of every man and woman in Morgan county 80 years old and over. We want to compile a few statistics and will be obliged to any of our readers who will send us the name of any acquaintance of theirs who has reached the age of four score. Address  
COURIER, West Liberty, Ky.

## FOR SALE.

I have two good milch cows, one nice 3 year old heifer, strip-per, in good flesh and giving about two gallons of milk per day. One 6 year old red cow will be fresh in about two weeks, good milker and a splendid butter cow. Will sell either but not both. Come and take your choice.

Also one combined horse about 13 year old, black, good worker and in good condition. Will sell cheap.  
H. G. COTTLE.

We have just received a car load of the celebrated Mitchell wagons, the best ever. The only wagon ever sold in Morgan county that is absolutely dependable. See our binding guarantee. The best is always the cheapest. Give us a call.  
58-4t WOMACK & TURNER.

**Bad Little Girl.**  
"Who is a bad little girl?" said a friend of ours playfully to a wee thing in frock and pantalets, just now. "I am a bad girl," was the naive reply. "Oh, no, you are not a bad little girl!" "Yeth I am," persisted the little one. "Then tell me why you are a bad girl." "Because I'm a boy!" answered the wee rascal.

**Futile Arguments.**  
There was once an orator, Themistocles, and as he reasoned a Colonel Boanerges in the audience hurled a stone at the speaker. He took it up and showed it to the audience with the remark: "A weighty argument, but not convincing," and the arguments of some are like the stone of the fellow in the crowd.

**A Logical Conclusion.**  
Poor little Jamie came caught a bad cold and his fevered joints were unpleasantly stiff in consequence. "I think," he sighed, "that somebody must have put starch into the water of my bath."

**Her Favorite Worm.**  
Dorothy came running up the walk one morning her baby hand extended and on the tiny palm a huge brown and black caterpillar. "Just look what I've found, Mrs. H—!" she exclaimed, joyously. "I never even looked for it, but this is my favorite worm!"

**Faith and Science.**  
Faith is not hostile to science. Want of faith expresses itself in fears and clamors. A large faith lifts inquiry into those heights where all things are seen in the light of divine unity.—Edward Hungerford.

I drill water wells and case off surface water.

Absolute protection against impure, contaminated water from the surface of the ground draining into well.

All work guaranteed.  
W. R. FOREMAN,  
West Liberty, Ky.

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